

Mansfield's "Likeness."

Richard Mansfield once asked Frank A. Nankivell to make a picture of him. The actor explained that he wanted an imitation of an old Roman coin with his own profile shown instead of Caesar's.

"Do you want an absolute likeness, or shall I idealize it a bit?" asked Nankivell.

"I want an absolute likeness," replied Mr. Mansfield stiffly, and the artist made a sketch of his patron.

When the completed picture—a splendid piece of work that looks as if it were embossed—was shown to Mr. Mansfield he was not pleased.

"It looks like a prizefighter," said Mr. Mansfield.

"That is not my fault," said Nankivell. "You know that you said you wanted a likeness."

There was a further exchange of courtesies, and then Mansfield suggested that the artist try again. "Excuse me," said Nankivell. "Once will do me."

"Well, change this picture a little," said the actor. "Perhaps you can fix it up."

"Not a fix," said the artist as he rolled up the picture and prepared to go with a parting shot. "You don't want an artist to draw your picture; you want a lithographer. Good day."

No Apologies.

Uncle Jerry Peebles, who had taken a seat in the smoking car, had filled his pipe and was about to hunt in his coat pocket for a match when a large man of much equatorial diameter sat down in the vacant seat by his side, complacently crushing him against the side of the car and almost obliterating him.

Uncle Jerry said nothing and proceeded in his search for a match. It was hard work to get his hand down between himself and the large man, but he found the pocket at last and took out three or four matches, all of which went out as he struck them, one after the other, except the last.

"You're welcome," said the portly man, glancing down at him over his shoulder.

"Was that your pocket I had my hand in?"

"It was," said Uncle Jerry as he lighted his pipe. "All I've (puff) got to say (puff, puff) is that you buy darned poor matches."—Chicago Tribune.

A Praying Man.

When men begin their prayers with "O thou omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all seeing, ever living, blessed potentate, Lord God Jehovah!" I should think they would take breath. Think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast, praying in such a strain! He has a note coming due, and it is going to be paid today, and he feels buoyant, and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say that he is a sinner; he is proud to say that he is a sinner. Then he asks for his daily bread. He has it, and he can always ask for it when he has it. Then he jumps up and goes over to the city. He comes back at night and goes through a similar wordy form of "evening prayer," and he is called "a praying man." A praying man? I might as well call myself an ornithologist because I eat a chicken once in awhile for dinner.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Origin of the Oath.

Among the different nations the mode of administering the oath varies. Formerly the custom was in this country by kissing the Bible. At the present time the more general manner is by raising the right hand.

Among the many things for which the world is indebted to the Jew is the mode of administering the oath. It dates back to the days of Abram, the patriarch, who when offered by the king of Sodom to take the goods to himself made answer, "I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet and that I will not take anything that is thine lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abram rich."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Sardou's Opinion of Women.

I have, said Sardou, the highest opinion of the fair sex. I consider women superior to men in almost everything. They possess the intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree and may almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts and, though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have but to turn to history to realize the truth of what I say.

At the Market.

Mrs. C.—Good morning, Bridget. I hope your master and mistress have not forgotten that they're coming to dine with me tonight. Cook—Indeed and they've not. They've ordered a good, hearty meal at home at 6 o'clock.—Harper's Bazar.

Overjoyed.

"How did papa act when you asked him for my hand?" "I could see that he was trying to control himself, but he presented all the symptoms of a man who has drawn a straight flush."—Houston Post.

Short Dogs Bite Low.

Passerby—Here, boy, your dog has bitten me on the ankle. Dog Owner—Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite yer neck, would yer?—London Tit-Bits.

Who hangs himself in the chimney should not complain of smoke.—German Proverb.

How the Debt Was Collected.

In the home of a certain influential family there arose one morning to find that no breakfast had been prepared, even the kitchen fire had not been lighted. Upon investigation the cook was discovered peacefully reclining in bed.

"Are you ill?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all. I feel quite well," was the surprising response, but still no persuasion would induce her to arise.

After a time the doctor was sent for. He put to her his usual questions, but the girl insisted that she felt perfectly well.

"If, as you say, you are not ill," said the man of pills and potions, "then tell me in confidence why you won't get up and go to work."

"Well," said the girl resolutely, "these people owe me \$25, and I won't stir until they pay it."

"Do you think you'll get it quicker by staying in bed?" asked the doctor. "I most certainly do," she replied, with a gleam of the eye that expressed determination to fight it out on that line if it took all summer.

The doctor, advancing, said: "Roll over and stay there. That's the only way you'll get it. They owe me \$80."—National Magazine.

Marriage in Japan.

A Japanese husband is allowed only one wife, but to marry is sometimes a much more serious matter than with us. Either the husband must be formally adopted into the family of the wife or the wife into the family of the husband, the couple being absorbed into one family and subject to its discipline. As a rule, this custom weighs more heavily on the bride than on the husband, for she must not only obey her husband, but every member of his family; hence a young woman often longs for old age, so that she may wield authority over the younger generations. To bring about a marriage in Japan an intermediary is appointed, whose duty it is to introduce the parties and to look to every arrangement of the wedding. He remains through life the guide, philosopher and friend of the married couple, who refer all matters, all misunderstandings, to his counsel.—Pearson's.

Sneezing.

The custom of saying "God bless you" after sneezing must be at least as old as the fifteenth century, as a reference to it appears in the first edition of Chaucer's "Golden Legend." After describing a certain malady which broke out among the early Christians, the result apparently of their intemperate habits, Chaucer proceeds, "In this manere somtyme they doted, so that when any persone was herd sneezing anon that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryste helpe, and yet endureth the custome." A curious superstition with regard to sneezing still lingers in the villages of Devonshire. It has found expression in the following couplet:

Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting.

In the highlands of Scotland it is believed that a newborn child is under the thrall of the fairies until it sneezes.

A Peg Too Low.

A tankard was made of precious metals, of pewter or of wood. Among the most ancient specimens are the "peg tankards." These are said to have been introduced by St. Dunstan as a check on the intemperance of his day. Pegs marked the tankard at intervals, beyond which the drinker was not to go, else he had more than his comrades. But, curiously enough, this device proved the means of aggravating the evil it was intended to remedy, for as a refinement on St. Dunstan's simple plan the most abstemious drinkers were required when the tankard went round to drink precisely to a peg indicated, whether their heads could stand the amount of such "distemp'ring draft" or not. Thence comes the phrase, "He is a peg too low."—London Spectator.

They Do Their Share.

Milton complained of his wife that she did not talk to him enough. Three hundred years have wrought a change. When Matthew Arnold visited this country a woman with more zeal than discretion asked him:

"Mr. Arnold, will you tell me what is the most novel impression you have received in the United States?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied, with perfect English suavity. "The women do all the talking."—Youth's Companion.

A Spool of Thread.

"But for Napoleon," said the spool, "I, like the Arc de Triomphe, would never have existed. In Napoleon's time thread was made only of silk and of wool. Napoleon to ruin the English silk thread trade destroyed the world's silk stock, which lay at Hamburg. In this crisis the Paisley spinners turned to cotton. After tremendous labor they at last made cotton thread. Cotton thread is the world's chief thread today."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only His Share.

"George," said the maiden aunt reprovingly, shaking her finger very solemnly at her small nephew, "there were two mince pies on the larder shelf this morn'g, and now they have disappeared. I didn't think it was in you."

"Tisn't all in me," blubbered the wee boy. "One of 'em is in Gwendolyn."

Short, All Right.

De Tanque—Oh, I believe in a short life and a merry one. Wigwag—Well, I guess you'll get the benefit of the first half of your theory, all right.—Exchange.

More Exciting Than the Play.

A countryman on one of his rare visits to London, after completing his business, visited the local theater and patronized that part of the house known as "the gods," obtaining a seat in the front row. He had provided himself with refreshments before entering in the form of a bag of cakes and a bottle of mineral water.

As the performance progressed he consumed these and, becoming absorbed in a thrilling passage, was absently toying with the empty bottle on the ledge in front of him when he accidentally allowed it to fall over.

Horror stricken, he instantly looked down and was just in time to see the bottle drop heavily on to the bald head of a man below, who, not noticing whence the attack came, jumped to the conclusion that his neighbor was the aggressor. He seized the bottle and hit the other man smartly across the head with it.

Our friend above had now seen enough and hastily but quickly quitted the place, observing when he reached the exit two angry, struggling men being ejected.—London Tit-Bits.

The Indian Experimented.

A missionary in charge of a small church on the Indian reservation at Onondaga held evening services for his people at which subjects upon which he lectured were not strictly religious.

One evening when the little building was well filled with braves and their squaws he described the solar system and told them that the earth revolved about the sun and also turned over once in every twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the priest was awakened by a knock. He opened the door to find a big Indian wrapped in a blanket standing on the porch.

"Why, Obaga?" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?"

"Missionary Red," grunted the Indian.

"I lied? What do you mean?"

"Missionary say world turn over every night. Injun go home, set up stick, put apple on stick. If world turn over, apple fall off. This morning apple on stick. Missionary lied. Hub!" And with this parting grunt he strode down the path, unheeding the priest's calls.

Lawyers on Strike.

In 1789 John Scott, earl of Clonmell, who was lord chief justice of Ireland, made some insulting remarks from the bench to Mr. Hacket, a member of the bar, who was conducting an argument before him. A general meeting of the bar was called, a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted with only one dissentient and an unprecedented resolution passed that until his lordship publicly apologized no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the king's bench or sign any pleadings for the court. This strike experiment was actually made. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared, no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the court all to themselves. There was no alternative, and next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology by advertisement in the newspapers and made it appear as if written on the evening of the offense and therefore voluntary.—London Law Times.

His Sole Limitation.

"Do you know what I'd like to be?" asked Rastus of the commercial traveler who was stopping at the wayside hotel.

"No," said the commercial traveler.

"What? A millionaire?"

"No, sah," said Rastus.

"A lawyer?"

"Oh, no, sah; not dat."

"A doctor?"

"No, sah."

"What then?" asked the commercial traveler.

"I'd like to be a preacher, sah," Rastus said.

"Well, then, why don't you?" asked the commercial traveler.

"I can't, sah," replied Rastus, "because I ain't got no frock coat."—New York Press.

An Elephant Bridge.

In ancient times in India a famous general used elephants to bridge a stream. He possessed a battalion of over 500 elephants, and, approaching a river where the stream was too rapid for his troops to cross, he ordered the elephants in and had them placed side by side, facing up and down the stream. Then planks were brought and laid from the back of one elephant to that of another, and over them the troops passed in safety, the only trouble experienced being the showers of water which the elephants kept up by sucking up the refreshing liquid in their trunks and tossing it over their bodies.

Pretty Quick.

Officer—You say the chauffeur sound-ed his horn just as the machine struck the man? Witness—Yes, sir. Officer—Was the victim killed instantly? Witness—So instantly, sir, that he must have heard the echo of that horn in the next world.

His Objection.

The Bachelor Marriage is a game of chance. The Married Man—And you have conscientious scruples against gambling? The Bachelor—Not exactly, but I have against drawing a booby prize.—Philadelphia Record.

All She Wanted.

The Debutante—The man I marry must be rich, handsome, good, generous, intellectual.—
The Man About Town—My dear young lady, you will have to have him made to order.

Evil grows and strengthens by endurance.—Cicero.

Spring Affliction.

Hear them noises
In your head,
Like a fish peddler
Trying to wake up
A deaf and dumb customer?
Feel that funny business
In your blood
That makes you want to go fishing
Or nowhere.
Just so
It's somewhere?
Don't call a doctor.
It ain't no serious
Symptoms.
Them noises
And feelings
Is the call of the soil—
Wants you to come back
And make your living
Farming
As in the good old days.
You see yourself
Following the plow,
Feeling the breath of spring
In your nostrils
And swearing at the off mule.
And, say,
It seems bully—
At peace with the world,
And no store bills
To pay till fall.
You see your wife
In a sunbonnet
Chasing the pesky hen
That wants to see
Too previously.
You see the kids
Going off to the red schoolhouse
Where you was taught,
And it is all fine.
Don't worry
You'll get over it
Before you quit your job
And start to tackle
The heavy lifting.

Surprised Him.

"I made a great hit with these new clothes."

"With whom?"

"My tailor. Paid cash."

Couldn't Swear.

"That must be an old grouch. I asked him what was the matter with his hand, and he never said a word."

"That fellow with his hand in a sling?"

"Yes."

"He is a deaf and dumb man who stepped on a tack yesterday and dislocated three fingers trying to express himself."

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HELLO!

John, is that you? Say, we are going to have company tonight and I want you to be sure and bring home a box of Nunnally's candies. Be sure it's Nunnally's, because these confections are perfectly fresh, being shipped by express. It would be perfectly dreadful if you were to get a box of candy that was not fresh. You know I have been buying Nunnally's a long time and have never had a stale box.

Put your ring on the wrong finger, so you won't forget--hear? It is for sale by

A. H. Thompson, Leading Druggist
EAST SIDE OF SQUARE

For Sale

Fine lot of Native Cedar Posts. See us at once.

Keiser Bros. & Phillips

GROCERY

DEPARTMENT

Don't forget that we carry at all times the most complete stock of staple and fancy groceries in town, and if you will let us figure your bills will convince you that our prices are right. Our new building will be complete in the next few days, at which time we will be in better position to make you prices than ever before from the fact that by buying in car load lots can save local freight, which is a saving of about 5 per cent, and want this to be yours.

We thank you very kindly for past patronage and are going to show our appreciation by selling you right in the future.

We guarantee every article in our grocery department to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

We want to call your attention to the fact that we handle the highest grade FLOURS that can be bought and a trial sack of BULTES EXCELLENCE always brings us a customer.

We also have the exclusive agency for the celebrated WHITE SWAN FLOUR.

Have just gotten in a car of REFINED GOLD (hard wheat), bought when the market was right, and are selling it considerably below the present market price. Don't fail to get the benefit of this before it is gone. We guarantee every sack of it.

We have All Kinds of Garden and Flower Seeds, Seed Potatoes and Onion Sets.

Come to see us and get our prices and we will sell you the goods.

Canyon City Supply Co.